

PEGGY OF THE PINES

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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"John Carter!"

The name seems to come out of her dream. Peggy opens her eyes, a little dazed.

Of course there are other John Carters. Carter is a rather common name after all. So is John.

The high heels of Peggy's patent leathers click on the polished floor of the alcove and Peggy's blue kimonoed figure appears between the curtains of the arch that divides the room.

"Sleepyhead!" is Catherine's scornful welcome.

Peggy smiles and trails languidly over to a low chair by the fire. She sits down and shakes a veil of soft, red brown hair over her flushed cheeks.

Edith passes her the box of chocolates and the conversation goes on.

"I wonder which one of us it is," sighs Louise.

"If the owner of the conservatory could speak I think it would whisper 'Catherine,'" says Edith.

The color that flames up into Catherine's cheeks matches the red of her cape gown.

But Peggy, looking through her veil of hair, sees that she likes it—likes to be teased about Jack; Peggy's Jack—well, not exactly hers—yet, but he has proposed to her every year since she was in pinafores, and if she hasn't said "Yes!"

"A box for Miss Catherine," states the soft voiced maid at the door.

The box is full of red, glowing roses—American Beauties.

Catherine takes the card out of the little white envelope and looks at the girl complacently.

"John Carter," she reads.

Oh, little Peggy, little Peggy, it is well that your face is hidden by the silken veil, for the blushes are gone.

Edith's lips are set in a rather tense line.

"What does he say?"

"Red as a rose is she."

"Rather hackneyed for a clever man," comments Edith.

"There is another box for Miss Edith," says the maid, "and one for Miss Louise."

"Not a single valentine for you, baby," says Louise to Peggy. "But the men haven't found you out yet."

She opens her box, gives one glance at the card and leans over to see Edith's.

Then the two girls laugh.

"John Carter!"

Across Catherine's smooth forehead there flickers just the shadow of a frown, but she rallies.

"How impertinent. What does he say on your girls'?"

Louise has orchids, Edith violets.

Each card contains a maudlin valentine sentiment, but Peggy listens to the conventional lines with prejudiced ears. There is only one consolation—Jack isn't a Mormon! He can't marry all three of them.

But over Catherine's face there broods something of dissatisfaction, and Edith gathers up her violets and slips out of the room without a word. After awhile the other girls follow, and Peggy is left alone.

She goes and stands by the window, where, through the gray mist, she can see the blurred lights of the big city. Oh, how homesick she is! She wants to see Mammy Chloe and Aunt Sophia, and most of all she wants to hear the wind sighing through the pines.

She goes over to her trunk and from its very bottom she drags out a big box, and as the darkness comes on she muses sadly over the bits of lace paper and faded ribbons.

The girls find her thus when they come in later.

"Valentines?" says Louise. "Old ones?" She picks up a tiny lace paper affair with two red hearts, and a Cupid.

Roses red and violets blue, Sugar is sweet and so are you

"That came when I was seven," says Peggy.

"Are they all from one man? Oh, Peggy, Peggy, I believe you have a romance."

"They are all from Jack," says Peggy without malice, and then she stands blushing, for what will they think of Mr. John Carter now?

But the name suggests nothing to the three girls.

"Some one you know in Virginia?" asks Catherine.

And Peggy knows that, after all, she has told nothing, and she resolves to hold her own.

"He has sent me one each year since I was five. We grew up together."

"Why, what a little romance," says Edith indulgently, with amused and uplifted eyebrows behind Peggy's back.

"Of course he loves you."

"Of course," says Peggy with an assurance she is far from feeling.

"And you love him."

"I haven't told him yet," says Peggy, and the girls look at her open eyed.

They are not used to small Virginia princesses who love to be wooed long.

"A box for Miss Margaret," announces the maid.

"Margaret? Oh," says Catherine, puzzled.

"Yes," says Peggy and reaches out her hand.

The girls watch her while she unties the string.

"Do you wish a light, miss?" asks the maid.

But Peggy does not hear her, for there steals into the room a faint, wonderful fragrance, the fragrance of the pines of Virginia.

Louise steps forward and lifts the cover. Under the waxed paper in the long box are silky tassels of shining

green, wet still with the moisture of the woods.

There is an envelope, half hidden under the mass of green. Peggy's hand shuts over it; she has seen the writing. No prying eyes shall read John Carter's message to—"his fourth girl," as she calls herself bitterly.

"Read it, Peggy," cries Louise.

But Peggy stands up defiant, the box in her arms.

"Go and dress!" she commands. "We shall never get ready."

"The country lover," comments Catherine, as the girls go to their rooms.

But when the girls are gone Peggy does not move for a little while. She stands very still, with a pale little face.

Then suddenly she burles her face in the scented green. At last, with trembling fingers, she tears open the envelope. But no single line of worn-out sentiment confronts her. Within is a sheet of closely written paper:

My Dear Peggy—I am in paradise, with the Eve left out. I am in the woods, but the spirit of the pines is away, and the old, old trees sigh and sigh and whisper with me, broken heartedly. "Where is our Peggy?"

When Mammy Chloe told me that you had joined Louise Dalton's house party the light went out of the sun. I want you here, and I had traveled all these miles that I might come to you on St. Valentine's day and ask you again—for the thirteenth time, dear—if you wouldn't.

Mammy Chloe says that you are homesick. So, dear heart, I send you a bit of home. To the other girls I have sent flowers and verses that mean nothing, but to my Peggy I send her own pine.

I shall get back to New York with this and send it up to you to let you know that I shall dine at the Daltons' tonight.

I found a note from Louise and will telephone her. Come down early, and I will meet you at the foot of the stairway.

And, Peggy, oh, Peggy, if you mean to say "Yes" this time wear a bit of the pine, and I will know that my Peggy is my own—at last.

An hour later a wonderful little figure in a pale green trailing gown, with a rope of pearls around the young neck and a silken bit of pine among the laces at her breast, comes out of the door and glides down the hall. As she reaches Louise's room she sees through the open door that the rest of the girls are there, but she passes by unheeding.

Down the long corridor to the stairway. The girls follow her, and look over the railing as she turns the curve below them.

"She is really beautiful," says Catherine, as the light falls on the upturned radiant face.

"Poor Virginia lover," laughs Edith; "if Peggy looks like that all the evening, he will have rivals."

Just then a man comes across the broad hall and advances to meet Peggy.

He is tall, strong and handsome.

"John Carter," breathes Catherine, and starts to descend.

But Edith holds her back.

"Look," she says.

They meet half way up the stairway—little Peggy and John Carter. He takes her hand in his. Then there is a breathless moment and the watchers slip away discreetly.

"Jack!" they say, with a light breaking in upon them.

And then they know—beautiful Catherine, and stately Edith, and gracious Louise—that it is little Peggy, after all—little Peggy of the Pines.

Getting on in the World.

A tortoise, plodding along, was approached by a pigeon hawk, which dropped from the ether like a bullet and perched upon its shell.

"Come; let's race," he said banteringly.

"On one condition," replied the tortoise.

"Name it."

"That we make it a week's journey."

"Done."

They immediately set out. The tortoise knew that if he gained the victory it must be by great diligence; he must never pause or turn aside; he must strike a bee line and not permit himself to be distracted. So he crawled along, intent only upon one thing—reaching the goal.

The hawk, on the contrary, knowing what an easy task was before him, made sport of the contest. He circled in the air, ascending into the clouds, descending to earth again, sailing, soaring, giving himself up to the pleasures of flying here, there, everywhere. He visited one acquaintance after another and had a good laugh at the tortoise. Finally so much time had been wasted that when he came within sight of the winning post the plodding, earnest tortoise had just reached the goal.

Moral.—The tortoise won the race, but the hawk had all the fun.

Hats and Heads.

A hatter had just finished selling a hat to an Irishman.

"The Irish," he said, "have heads of a graceful shape—long and oval and very large. The American has a head shaped very much like the Irishman's, only it is smaller and slightly rounder."

"The German has a square head, flat on top and very wide between the ears. A German's hat always looks too big for him. It looks so because it is so. In order that it may encompass the head's great breadth it must be bought a little too loose in its other dimensions. Some Germans who are particular have their hats made to order on this account."

"I sell hats all over the United States, and I find that heads run bigger in the west than anywhere else. The Chicago man has the biggest head in America. The southerner has the smallest. We easterners—Philadelphians, New Yorkers and Bostonians—all have heads about the same size. That size is, on the average, 7. The westerner's size is 7 1/4; the southerner's is 6 1/2."—Philadelphia Record.

Brains For Two.

Mr. Noodle—Clever! Why, she has brains enough for two, Miss Cutting.

Miss Cutting—Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Noodle.—London Tit-Bits.

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

(Circuit A-164)

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Common Pleas Court, The
Cook & Bernheimer Company, a corporation,
vs. Abraham De Wail, et al.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public auction, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Franklin, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning to the northerly line of Chestnut street north 67 degrees 37 minutes west 23 7/10 feet from west-rail line of Phoebe Preston; thence running north 64 degrees 22 minutes east 40 37/100 feet; thence parallel with westerly line of George B. Philhower north 37 degrees 19 minutes west 13 1/10 feet; thence (3) north 52 degrees 12 minutes east 12 1/10 feet to land of Charles G. Barney et al. north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 78 25/100 feet to a plat 51 24/100 feet from the westerly line of said Philhower; thence parallel with said westerly line south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 13 1/10 feet to Chestnut street; thence south 67 degrees 37 minutes east 7 feet to beginning. Being lot No. 2 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Stritar by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in Y-27-48, and by corrected deed in Y-28-17.

Second Tract.—Beginning at a point 150 feet southwesterly from where the lands of Henry Hilton intersect with the lands of Charles T. Barney at the northeasterly corner of a lot now owned by Lester Kierstead and along the easterly line of said Henry Hilton's land; thence (1) running south 32 degrees 42 minutes east 51 and 7/10 feet; thence (2) south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 13 1/10 feet; thence (3) north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 51 74/100 feet to lands of Henry Hilton; thence (4) north 37 degrees 19 minutes east along Henry Hilton's line 35 feet to beginning.

Being the rear part of lot No. 1 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Stritar by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in Y-28-19.

Newark, N. J., November 2, 1903.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.
J. Edward Smith, Att'y.

(S15 90)

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Mr. Noodle—Clever! Why, she has brains enough for two, Miss Cutting.

Miss Cutting—Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Noodle.—London Tit-Bits.

FATAL WORDS.

The Slip That Doomed Major Andre and Saved West Point.

At Tarrytown there is a monument surmounted by a bronze figure ever on duty that marks the spot where on Sept. 23, 1780, a man sprang, as it were, out of the ground, seized the bridle of the traveler's horse and at the same instant demanded a halt. Two other men joined the first, and to these three the traveler offered the authority for John Anderson to pass on public business and signed by the major general commanding West Point.

For one moment the pass sufficed. Then there was doubt. In that moment of hesitation the traveler's eyes rested upon a coat that one of the men wore which he had obtained while a prisoner not long before, and, recognizing the garb of the Hessian soldiers attached to the British army, the traveler concluded hastily that he had fallen among friends instead of foes. "I see you belong to the army down below, as I do," he remarked, with a slight gesture of the head toward the river.

Fatal words! They sealed the doom of Adjutant Major General John Andre of the British army. He was quickly dismounted and scarfed with-out result, and still there was delay. Some latent sense of required vigilance incited these humble militiamen to renewed search of the traveler's person. West Point was saved.

A Horse's Sense of Smell.

A horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning snuff or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will discern, quiver and query over the faintest bit offered by the faintest of hands, with cooings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whiff that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening.—St. James Gazette.

English Style Dishes.

In the endeavor to be like the English in some of their ways, curious customs are started in France. For instance, among the middle classes, when a special dinner is given in the "English style" the length of the dining table is loaded with immense dishes, their shape and form each indicating their contents, in the same way as the rounded cover of a cheese dish, in the form of a cheese, tells its own story. One of these dishes will be butter colored, and rounded knobs, representative of plain boiled potatoes, will ornament the cover; another of green and white will have raised cabbage leaves running over, while yet another is all in ridges, indicative of a bundle of asparagus.

The wells of the dishes themselves are all treated in the same way, and the coloring, roughly speaking, is correct.

Good Substitute.

"Father, I should like to try one of these systems of physical exercise that are advertised in the papers. They are cheap, and you don't need any apparatus."

"I'll furnish you with one, my son, that I tried with great success when I was a young man, and I'll warrant it to be as good as any in the market."

"Could I take it here at home?"

"Yes; that is one of its chief merits."

"Any apparatus necessary?"

"Yes, but it's quite simple. I'll furnish it."

"Can I take it in my room?"

"No; you take it out at the woodpile. You will find the apparatus there, all ready for you, my son."—Chicago Tribune.

W. S. Gilbert's Career.

It is said that W. S. Gilbert was meant for the bar, and his father was reluctant to see him turning in other directions. "If you would only stick to it," said the elder Gilbert, "you might become lord chancellor."

"So I might," answered the author of the "Pinafore" to be, "and if I stick to the theaters I may become Sheridan. One's as likely as the other, and of the two I prefer Sheridan."

That was a preference lucky for the lovers of the stage.

Took Nothing.

Mrs. Green (who thinks of hiring)—But is the girl honest? Can she be trusted?

Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)—You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing—not even my advice as to how things should be done.

Deep Sea Feelings.

Tomdix—Did you ever cross the ocean?

Hojax—Yes; once.

Tomdix—What were your feelings?

Hojax—Oh, same as usual. I wanted the earth.—Kansas City Independent.

Many a man's haste to get ahead in the world results only in his getting a headstone before it is due.—Chicago News.

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